HOWARD'S CAMPAIGN against the NEZ PERCE INDIANS

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By Thomas A. Sutherland

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THOMAS A. SUTHERLAND

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HOWARD'S CAMPAIGN

AGAINST THE

NEZ PERCE

INDIANS,

1878.

BY THOMAS A. SUTHERLAND,

Volunteer Aid-de-Camp on Gen. Howard's Staff.

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PREFACE.

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At the solicitation of some Portland gentlemen, on my return from Montana, I wrote a brief account of General Howard's Campaign against the Nez Perce Indians in a series of articles for the Portland Daily *Standard*, with a view to explaining the different military movements and describing the different hardships and disappointments that faced us. I began the task with no little trepidation, keenly feeling my incapacity, and would not now issue this pamphlet were it not to gratify a demand made from many different quarters. This is my apology for the appearance of the fledgling, and with the regret that it is not worthy of being dedicated to the brave souls who followed Joseph "to the bitter end," I toss it in air to fly or fall.

THOMAS A. SUTHERLAND.

In recirculating, at this time, offset of the attached pamphlet, "HOWARD'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS, 1877", we do so with the sole intent of preserving an item of historical interest, recognizing it as propaganda of the time and with no thought or intent of injury to any person, living or dead. We believe the item to be one of western memorabilia without present day applicability to any persons or business mentioned therein.

HOWARD'S CAMPAIGN

AGAINST THE

NEZ PERCE INDIANS.

CHAPTER I.

Feeling rather inadequate to the task of doing all, or anything like all, that was announced flatteringly in the *Standard*, as my intention, respecting a brief sketch of the campaign against the hostile Nez Perces, I nevertheless plunge *in medias res*. I joined General Howard's command at the end of June, where it was encamped on the Salmon river, near the mouth of White Bird creek. The Indians were on the west side of the river, and flushed with their victory over Perry, flaunted their blankets in defiance at our troops from the bare hillsides. Passing along a bald mountain in single file, yelling derisively, they marched off in the direction of Snake river. General Howard was determined to make them fight if possible, and began immediately rigging a ferry across this most turbulent and rapid stream—exceedingly difficult to cross. Being unable to procure a good pulley, the rope crossing had to be abandoned, and some men sent up the river to get a couple of row boats, and with which slender means the entire command, about 400 strong, was landed safely on the other side. These unavoidable delays of course gave the Indians considerable start; and as they were familiar with the country, and we unable to get a man who knew ten miles of it, they scampered away from us very readily. The only white man we met living on the west side of the Salmon was a farmer named

Brown, but so ignorant of the surrounding country that he had never ascended any of the mountains that almost encircled his little home. Left entirely to our own resources, we were compelled to travel slowly and cautiously. Having marched for five days in a crescent shape to where we again struck Salmon river at Craig's Ferry, we discovered from some friendly Indians that Joseph had crossed about a day's journey up the stream from where we were, and was heading towards Camas Prairie. Ineffectually General Howard endeavored to cross, making a raft out of the only house at the ferry, which was lost in launching by the violence of the stream. Just about that time, James, Reuben and Captain John, friendly Nez Perces, brought the news that the principal portion of Joseph's people had passed Norton's (where Perry was located) towards the Clearwater; this making the journey back, the way we came, as short as any other.

We thereupon broke camp immediately and hurried for the mouth of the White Bird. On arriving at a point nearly opposite Rocky Canyon we for the first time heard of Lieut. Rain's death and the skirmishes between Perry of the First Cavalry and the hostiles. McConville's and Hunter's volunteers were dispatched here, and sent directly to Norton's. Prior to leaving our camp on the east side of Salmon river, Captain Whipple had been sent to capture Looking Glass and his band, who were reported to be killing cattle in extraordinarily large numbers, drying the beef and showing other signs of preparing for war. Whipple being forced to rest the worn horses of his command on reaching Mt. Idaho, Looking Glass "got wind" of the movement, and on Whipple's arrival at his camp the wily Indian and his followers took to their horses and ran away, joining Joseph on Camas Prairie. The camp, however, and about 700 wild cayuse ponies fell into the hands of the troops. After their movement and skirmish, Captain Whipple was sent to Norton's as an observing force to see what direction the Indians might take, protect supplies coming under Perry from Lewiston, and keep General Howard informed. Bendire's company of cavalry having previously come to Indian Valley from Harney, prevented Joseph from going in that direction, and necessarily from joining forces with the Wieser or Malheur Indians. The result of General Howard's demonstration on the westside of Salmon river had several beneficial effects. He drove the Indians from moun-

tain fastnesses and kept them from reacning the naturally fortified country of the Wallowa, which Joseph at all times considered his last resort, or "ditch," as it was called in the civil war. They were forced out on the open prairie near Mt. Idaho, where General Howard had located troops, and where, had all the volunteers of the neighborhood been united, the Indians could have been annihilated or driven back upon the force of the Commanding General. Minor advantages resulting from Howard's crossing the Salmon river, were the discovery of many rich "caches," filled with tobacco, clothing, Indian food, several hundred sacks of flour, dried beef, etc. Several large bands of cayuse ponies, belonging to Black Tail and White Bird, were captured, and large numbers of fat cattle. This movement cannot otherwise than be called wise and successful. General Howard could not stand tamely by and see the Indians march into the rugged Wallowa or entrench themselves among their cattle in the precipitous mountains of the Salmon river country. *They had to be driven out*, and they were. So much for the wisdom of the maneuver—the advantages have already been cited.

CHAPTER II.

General Howard re-crossed the Salmon river early in the second week of July, (after great difficulty, losing several horses by drowning) finding Captain Haughey and his company fortified in our old camp, ready to resist any demonstration of the hostiles in that quarter. Taking him with us we moved towards Grangeville where we were joined by Perry and his cavalry command.

Hearing that Joseph, with over three hundred warriors, and about as many squaws and boys able to bear arms, was encamped an the South Fork of the Clearwater, General Howard's intention was to get beyond them, so as to keep the enemy between him and a force of about ninety volunteers fortified on a hill almost overlooking the Clearwater, sent thither about two days before from Mt. Idaho, to reconnoitre and report. So he crossed the river several miles above the Indian camp on what was left of Jackson's bridge (for the Indians had almost succeeded in burning it) and got

well to the rear of Joseph, when Ad. Chapman discovered the camp on the other side of the river (the Indians having crossed the stream near the mouth of Cottonwood creek).

The celerity of General Howard's movements in this instance is deserving of more than a passing notice. His little force was spread over a great deal of country, necessitated by the uncertainty of the Indians' movements and the desire to hold all advantageous positions. As if by magic, all the various commands, from the different directions, came marching into Grangeville, and not a moment was lost by waiting for dilatory officers—for there were none. In order to expedite matters, the foot troops—artillery and infantry—were put into farm wagons and trundled over the roads as rapidly as the anxious soldiers could make the horses go. We came upon Joseph on the 11th of July, about ten days from the time we last saw him on the west side of the Salmon river.

On the night of the 10th the Indians attacked the volunteers on their fortified hill and succeeded in killing and stampeding about fifty of their horses. This seemed to demoralize the citizens, and they moved to Three Mile creek, about six miles from Mt. Idaho, to protect the settlements; leaving General Howard to do the fighting, himself. Before Chapman had discovered the camp (for it was hidden in a narrow defile between two mountains), the columm had marched down the river a mile beyond it. The Indians were taken completely by surprsie, and had it not been for their inaccessible position, would have fallen as easy a prey as the British at Ticonderoga. While I do not intend to go into the details, I will give a few general outlines of the battle to show its general conduct and importance. In the first place General Howard completely surprised the Indians as was shown by their consternation and scattering; their loud cries for assembling; their driving off their stock to a place of safety, and their disinclination, at this time, to "fight back." Another evidence was the absence of all fortifications facing toward our side of the river, as they all pointed in the direction of the volunteers' camp, as if their expectation was for us to join the citizens and fall upon the Indians from the Camas Prairie side of the river. Another proof that Howard's attack was unexpected, is that the Indians had made a trail up a very steep declivity on our side of the river, so that they might have a means of escape, should

they be defeated. There were also some valuable "caches" discovered here, tending to prove that should Joseph be driven from his camp hurriedly, something would be waiting for him on the other side. There are other evidences of the surprise; such as the story told by a captured squaw; but we think the point has already been made sufficiently clear without more argument.

The question naturally arises; if the Indians were surprised why were they not captured? Simply on account of their inaccessible position. A navy might surprise Gibraltar—that is, get near it without those in the fort knowing it, and yet be powerless to make it capitulate. Where we first placed our big guns, we could not reach the Indians at all, and instead of killing any of them, we unfortunately gave them warning of our presence, owing to the depth of the canyon, made by the junction of the Cottonwood creek and Clearwater river. On hurrying to another point, from which we could drop shells into the hostile camp, we found Indians already behind breastworks, on our side of the river, ready to receive us. The distance in a direct line from where we discovered the enemy to the new position was not more than half a mile, but by the detour we had to make to our left, around a deep and impassable ravine, the distance was fully a mile and a half. Firing here commenced on both sides, and Howard's whole command was brought up and placed in a circular form, with the provisions, horses, etc., in the centre. The Indians fired from all concievable places, trying every now and then to flank us or break our line by joining together and firing upon one part of our defense; but they were invariably unsuccessful. On the second day of the fight, the troops charged the Indians in their rifle pits and drove them down the steep path before alluded to, into and across the river, and up the precipitous hills on the other side—where the volunteers, unfortunately, were not waiting. As the Indians were all mounted, it was impossible for foot troops to pursue them further. Colonel Perry, of the cavalry, was then ordered to continue the chase, but in the transmission of the order, it was not so delivered to him. Independent of this, Col. Perry found his cavalry scattered and fighting as infantry, away from their horses, a portion (Jackson's) was obstructed by the mountain descent in its front and after trial had to turn back and go another way, consuming time; and all the horses but his,

had been two days shut off from food—under fire—and absolutely without water, so that the condition of the cavalry was not such as to induce Perry to use it before a few hours given for recuperation. On Perry's reaching the other side of the Clearwater, he simply waited the arrival of the foot troops, which he ferried over.

The tangible and moral effects of this battle were without equal in the entire campaign. In the first place there were eight or ten Umatilla and as many Spokane and Cœur d'Alene Indians in this fight, and should Joseph have been successful (as Joseph himself told me) the Indians from the Wieser to the Spokane country would have joined him, and and the remnant of soldiers been annihilated. Joseph also told me, while conversing with him on the Upper Missouri, that the two days' fight on the Clearwater was the only one during the campaign, where his ambition was victory; his highest aim ever after being simply to escape. This is the only time he fought when he was not compelled to, and Joseph says he afterwards considered he carried the day when he got off with fewer men killed than the attacking party. The battle taught the Indians that no matter how courageously they might fight, how well armed they might be or how well fortified, the United States troops, when well generaled, are vastly their superiors. This disheatened the young bucks of the different tribes who had joined Joseph merely for the excitement and plunder, and they all scattered and went to their different reservations and homes. Some twenty odd of the renegade Nez Perces themselves, felt their inferiority and surrendered, and Joseph says that he, too, wanted to come in but was overpowered in the council by White Bird, Looking Glass and other chiefs. Another discouraging effect the Clearwater fight had upon the hostiles (to say nothing of the impression that the killed and wounded made upon them), was the loss of their entire camp; as they got off with nothing more than their guns and horses. Hundreds of buffalo robes, skins of all kinds in abundance, camas and kous roots dried and in flour, quantities of dried beef, with their different utensils—in fact their entire camp equipage, was captured. For people who intended to make the long march to the buffalo country to be thus stripped at the very outset was a most severe blow, and we can but coincide with Joseph, that "the Clearwater fight broke his heart and his command's back."

CHAPTER III.

The night after the defeat of Joseph and his warriors at Clearwater, General Howard and his command pitched their tents in the old Indian camp. The next morning most of the troops were engaged destroying the "caches" and burning the "tepees." About 7 o'clock James Reuben, a friendly Nez Perce, rode into camp and informed General Howard that the hostiles were crossing the river at the ford near Kamiah, and were intent upon either destroying the homes of the James Lawyer Indians, or making for the buffalo country, via Lolo Trail. No time was to be lost, and with all the speed that conld be spurred from our overworked men and horses, General Howard hurried ahead with the cavalry; the foot troops hastening closely behind. When we reached the highlands overlooking the beautiful Kamiah valley, by aid of field glasses we could see the hostiles crossing the river about a mile below the village, their stock, squaws and children being already on the other side. With all possible speed we hastened down the almost vertical mountains. Arriving in the valley, General Howard divided his cavalry into two bodies, sending Whipple around by the river, while he himself accompanied Jackson along the base of the mountains, both commands to form a junction at the ford where the Indians had crossed. Among other news brought by James Reuben to General Howard on the morning of this day was a challenge from Chief Joseph to fight at Kamiah, or rather an announcement that he would fight Howard there should he put in an appearance. Having only the cavalry and a Gatling gun at this time, Gen. Howard's movements, one would suppose would be slow and cautious, but he had no sooner given his orders than the whole force was put to a brisk run to the river crossing. General Howard with Captain Jackson was the first to reach the destination, as the road taken by Whipple was more circuitous. The Gatling gun was hurried into position, and under command of Captain Wilkinson did good work in driving the Indian sharpshooters from their different breastworks on the mountains opposite. The river road taken by Whipple wound around in one place very close to the bank on the Indian side, and as he arrived at this point he was met with

a very brisk fire (say fifty shots in two minutes) from some hostiles in ambuscade. The men jumped from their horses and took to the grain fields on their left, and joined us on foot at the ford. The Gatling gun was now used to dislodge the Indians who had fired upon Whipple, and some of our best shots were stationed in good positions to pick off every Indian who might show himself. The firing was kept up until dark, on both sides, although of a very desultory character. General Howard then drew off and went into camp on a plain near the wire ferry over the Clearwater. As the smoke from the hostile camp could be plainly seen just over the first mountains on the Lolo Trail, it was not so sure that Joseph intended going to the buffalo country and that he did not intend to make good his boast of giving Howard a fight. Captain Jackson, and Captain McConville of the volunteers, who joined us this day, were ordered, by a round about route, down the river to Dunwell's ferry to learn if the bridge there was destroyed—from which point, it was thought Joseph might be attacked unawares, in the rear—and with a view of proceeding by that ferry to the junction of its trail with the Lolo Pass, the General hoping to get his troops to that point before the hostiles. The next day General Howard left camp with the cavalry, apparently going toward Lewiston, but with the real purpose of carrying out the object referred to. He had not proceeded far, when a messenger arrived, stating that Joseph was anxious to surrender; whereupon General Howard sent his cavalry on to Dunwell's ferry but returned himself to Kamiah. On reaching Kamiah, General Howard proceeded immediately to the river, where he was met by Kalkalsuithin—a messenger from Joseph—and during the talk, he was fired upon by a hostile in ambush on the other side of the river. This of course closed all negotiations; General Howard, however, told Joseph's envoy that if his chief and warriors would come in they would be tried by a military court and get justice. This did not seem to satisfy the Chief of Wallowa, for he sent no other messengers, and struck camp the next morning, starting across the almost impenetrable Lolo Trail, evidently discovering our movement towards Dunwell's ferry. Here I will take occasion to throw a little light on the course pursued by General Howard, that has been criticised so generally by people ignorant of surrounding circumstances. These stay-at-home heroes look

upon Joseph's offer for surrender as a ruse only to gain time, and that Howard must have been easily gulled to have placed any confidence in it. Now the truth is, Joseph *did* want to surrender, and General Howard lost not a moment of time by conferring with him, nor did he place any too much confidence in his peace protestations. It is absurd to talk of Joseph's "ruse to gain time," for did he not wait at Kamiah for more than a day, when he need not have waited five minutes? And did he not hover about the place even after Howard had gone a good day's march towards Lewiston? He showed an utter disregard for time, and it is not likely he would have resorted to a *ruse de guerre* which was at once unnecessary and not intended to be taken advantage of. In substantiation of my assertion that Joseph wished to surrender I will briefly state that the Indians spent over a day near Kamiah in council; over twenty warriors deserted and surrendered; and Joseph himself says that his voice was for peace, but he was overpowered by the other chiefs, and when he talked of surrendering at all events, he was threatened with death. Furthermore, General Howard lost no time in consulting with Joseph's peace messenger, as he could not move until everything was in readiness for the long tramp, and he might as well be negotiating for the surrender of Joseph as "sitting like patience on a monument." He lost no time coming back from his cavalry when en route to Dunwell's ferry, for he sent the command on; they not halting an instant on account of Joseph's so called "ruse." Another little item that we wish to call our readers' attention to is General Howard's answer to Joseph when he proposed to surrender:

CLEARWATER, July, 15th.

Joseph may make a complete surrender to-morrow morning. My troops will meet him at the ferry. He and his people will be treated with justice. Their conduct to be completely investigated by a court composed of nine of my army, selected by myself. Col. Miller is designated to receive Joseph and his arms.

(Signed,) O. O. HOWARD,
Brig. Gen. U. S. A.

When we reached General Sturgis' command, some time afterward, that officer informed me that he had received instructions from the War Department to promise Joseph

his life should he surrender. Had latitude of this kind been given General Howard, who is supposed by those who know nothing of the Nez Perce campaign to be a most peaceful foe, I venture to say that the hostiles would never have crossed the Lolo Trail, and many a dollar and life would have been saved. General Howard took a bold stand, and would listen to nothing but unconditional surrender. So much for the General who has been slandered about his desire to let all the Indians go free if they would but surrender to him.

CHAPTER IV.

As soon as it was positively discovered that the Indians had begun to cross the Lolo Trail towards the mountains, General Howard crossed the Clearwater with his command as speedily as possible; it taking a day, as considerable time was lost in repairing the wire ferry. Before daybreak the next morning (17th of July), Col. Mason with the entire cavalry force and some Indian scouts—under orders from General Howard to make a two days' march beyond the intersection of Lolo and Oro Fino Trails to find the direction taken by the Indians—started from camp. By hard marching Col. Mason succeeded in carrying out General Howard's order in one day, making all necessary discoveries concerning the direction taken by the Indians. He came upon them in a narrow and densely wooded defile in the Lolo Trail near the Camas Wey-ipe, where the Indians had taken a position in the timber. The Kamiah Indian scouts fell into the trap (as they were riding ahead) two of them being wounded and one killed, two others being disarmed and allowed to escape as they were recognized by the hostiles as acquaintances. Col. Mason immediately ordered his men to dismount and form skirmish lines. He proceeded cautiously into the thick forest, driving the Indians slowly until they took a position in a place not unlike the pass of Thermopylæ, shaping themselves like an inverted arrowhead. Knowing it would be suicide—cavalry as they were, in a wooded country—to force his small command on to the fortified hostiles, and having carried out General Howard's orders to the letter, Col. Mason returned to Kamiah.

One hostile was killed and two mules laden with provisions captured by the men under Lieut. Hoyle. On this day Gen. Howard telegraphed Capt. Sladen to inform Gen. Sherman and posts east of the Bitter Root Mountains of Joseph's start across the Lolo Trail for Montana.

Thinking he could kill two birds with one stone, Gen. Howard determined to refit his command at Lewiston and go through the Spokane country, establish the needed reservations and be at the Missoula end of the Lolo Trail in time to meet Joseph on his exit. Major Throckmorton was left at Kamiah with a company of artillery, a company of infantry and a company of cavalry to resist any attempt on the part of the hostiles to return, and with the assurance that a large cavalry reinforcement from Boise City under Colonel Green would join him. Howard thereupon recrossed the Clearwater and had marched his command 35 miles, to Cold Spring, in one day, when news arrived from Major Throckmorton, Colonel Watkins and Mr. Monteith, that forty renegades had secretly returned to Kamiah, and had driven off about 400 ponies. This news, with the earnest entreaties of influential men like L. P. Brown, of Mt. Idaho, Mr. Croaesdaile, of Camas Prairie, and delegate to Congress from Idaho, S. S. Fenn, that the troops remain awhile to assure the people against a return of the murderous red-skins, settled General Howard in his purpose to pursue the Indians in a direct line across the Lolo Trail as soon as Colonel Green and his cavalry should arrive. Howard's command had now been a month in the field and the Boise column had not yet heard the whistle of a hostile bullet. The time taken by this cavalry very much interfered with the General's plans, as all his old cavalry —Jackson's troop excepted—under Colonel Perry was ordered to accompany the Spokane column under Colonel Wheaton—as this cavalry was not in as good condition as Sanford's. It not being wise for us to leave the vicinity of Camas Prairie while the peaceful Indians and white settlers were in such an excited state, and without cavalry, we had to cast about the country like a steamer off the Columbia bar awaiting our opportunity to go ahead. From Cold Spring we went to Lawyer's canyon, where we were joined by two companies of the Fourth Artillery under Captains Cushing and Field, a company of the Twelfth Infantry under Captain Viven, and one of the Eighth Infantry under

Captain Wells. From this camp—named after Surgeon C. T. Alexander—we moved on to Camas Prairie, near Croaesdaile's farm, at the intersection of six trails, for the double purpose of establishing a debouche and protecting the farmers in gathering their crops and herds. General Howard sent Jack Carlton, a lumberman, to Lewiston to engage fifty men to precede us on the Lolo Trail, to cut away the fallen timber and improve the path in dangerous and impassable places. From this place Captain Wilkinson was ordered to the Dalles to secure, if possible, some Warm Spring Indians as scouts, then to report to Colonel Wheaton and accompany him on the Spokane expedition. Hearing that the cavalry column would soon reach Kamiah, General Howard proceeded to that place, and on the 28th, the date of Sanford's arrival, had crossed all his command. Sanford increased Howard's command 150 cavalrymen and twenty Bannock scouts. Again, on the 28th, General Howard telegraphed Captain Sladen in Portland: "Ask to have the troops at Missoula detained until we can strike his (Joseph's) rear." This made two dispatches, one under date of the 17th of July and the other dated the 28th, (to say nothing of the warning dispatch sent even earlier than June 17th), that General Howard had sent to apprise the officers at the Montana end of the Lolo Trail that the Indians were coming that way, and to be prepared for them. On the night of the 30th of July, Sanford's command, less a company under Colonel Sumner—left behind to protect the settlers and await Colonel Green's arrival— crossed the Clearwater and joined Howard's command, in readiness to begin the march across the mountainous Lolo Trail. Joseph starting on the 16th of July had just two weeks the start of Howard. Before breaking camp on Camas Prairie, General Howard issued the following order, which explains itself, and which it is necessary that my readers thoroughly comprehend if they wish to keep the thread of these brief articles constantly in hand:

Headquarters Department of the Columbia, In the Field, Camp Sully (Idaho), July 13.—The following field order No. 2 has been promulgated by General Howard; "The hostile Indians, according to the latest information have retreated by the Lolo Trail towards Montana, leaving but a few families, who are possibly concealed in the rocky fastnesses of the Snake and Salmon river country. It is di-

rected that the two columns and a reserve shall operate as follows: A, the right column, personally commanded by the Department Commander, consisting of the battalion of artillery under command of Captain Marcus P. Miller, the battalion of infantry commanded by Captain Evan Miles, and a battalion of four companies of cavalry under command of Major George B. Sanford, will immediately, upon the arrival of Major Green's force from Boise City, enter upon a direct pursuit of the Indians over the Lolo Trail, the objective point being Missoula City, Montana Territory; B, the left column, commanded by Colonel Frank Wheaton, of the Second Infantry, consisting of his force of infantry, increased by a battalion of cavalry, to be commanded by Colonel Grover, of the First Cavalry, and composed as follows, viz: Companies F (Perry's) and H (Trimble's), the First Cavalry and two companies, two hundred each, of Washington Territory mounted volunteers, will proceed northward by way of Hangman's creek and the Cœur d'-Alene Mission, the objective point being Missoula City, Montana Territory. The design of this column will be, first, a co-operation with the right column, a frequent communication to be kept up by means of reliable sources, via. the reserve column at Mt. Idaho; second, by over-awing malcontent Indians or occcupying their attention, to prevent any reinforcement of the hostile Indians, and should the latter attempt to return through the Cœur d'Alene country, to engage them; third, to quiet the fears and apprehensions of the settlers, that they may return to their peaceful pursuits; fourth, a cordial co-operation with the officials of the Interior Department in their endeavor to settle disputes and controversies between the so-called friendly Indians and the settlers. Colonel Wheaton will as soon as practicable, furnish the commanding officer of Fort Lapwai, Idaho Territory, with a small detachment of ten or fifteen men, and will leave a guard at Lewiston sufficient to protect the main depot. Finally, the recent indication of a reconcentration of fugitive hostile Indians on the Lolo Trail having altered the Department Commander's original intention of pursuing this northern route in person, he desires that the commander of the left column exercise the greatest caution in the anticipation and prevention of complications tending to cause an increase of allies, either direct or indirect, to those Indians now actually at war. C.

—The reserve column will be commanded by Major John Green of the First Cavalry, and will consist of the troops from Boise City, excepting the cavalry designated to accompany the right column, increased by Company C (Whipple's) and Company E (Winters') of the First Cavalry, and a body of Warm Spring Indian scouts. Major Green will locate his main force at or near Croaesdaile's farm on Cottonwood Creek, protecting with at least one company and two pieces of artillery the sub-depot at Kamiah, and maintaining a small outpost at Mt. Idaho as a nucleus for the Mt. Idaho and Grangeville volunteers. He will closely watch, by means of scouting parties and patrols, the crossings of the south fork of the Clearwater river and Salmon river—that is; the forks of Kamiah, Dunwell's ferry, etc., on the former, and White Bird creek, Rocky Canyon, etc., on the latter. The country between the Salmon and Snake rivers and beyond the forks of the south fork of Clearwater river will be thoroughly and constantly scoured by scouting parties and its most hidden recesses probed by the Warm Spring Indians; and any scouts, little parties or hiding families left by the hostile Indians will be captured and brought in. Major Green will forward promptly all communications between the operating columns. Second—The right column will move across the south fork of the Clearwater river, so as to be ready to make its departure from the Wieser on Monday the 30th instant. Col. Wheaton will endeavor to make the movement of the left column northward as nearly simultaneous with the movement of the right as possible. It is desirable that any necessary delay in the left column take place as far northward near the Cœur d'Alene country as possible. Each column will be supplied with twenty days' small rations, and will take with it a herd of as many steers as necessary. As a general rule, forage will not be carried; but will be obtained en route. Third—The Lewiston depot is designated as the main depot for the army in the field. The general staff will keep it well furnished with at least three months supplies in advance."

CHAPTER V.

On the 30th of July, General Howard with his command —about 700 strong—began the march across

"The Trail—the Lolo Trail."

The following is a list of the officers who went through that hardship, tracking Joseph to the bitter end:

Brigadier General O. O. Howard, commanding.

STAFF.

Major E. C. Mason, Twenty-first Infantry, Chief of Staff; Second Lieutenant, C. E. S. Wood, Twenty-first Infantry, Aid-de-Camp and acting Adjutant General; Surgeon, C. P. Alexander, Chief Medical Officer; First Lieutenant, F. H. E. Ebstein, R. Q. M. Twenty-first Infantry, acting Chief Quartermaster; First Lieutenant, Peter Leary, Jr., Fourth Artillery, Field Commissary; First Lieutenant, R. H. Fletcher, Twenty-first Infantry, Aid-de-Camp and Signal Officer; First Lieutenant, Guy Howard, Twelfth Infantry, acting A. D. C; Thomas A. Sutherland, Vol. A. D. C.

INFANTRY BATTALION.

Composed of companies B, C, D, E, H and I, Twenty-first Infantry, Co. C, Twelfth Infantry and Co. H, Eighth Infantry.

Captain Evan Miles, Twenty-first Infantry, commanding.

STAFF.

Second Lieutenant, E. G. Farrow, Twenty-first Infantry, Adjutant and Quartermaster; Assistant Surgeon, W. R. Hall.

Captains: George H. Burton, Robert Pollock, S. P. Jocelyn, C. S. Viven, D. T. Wells.

First Lieutenants: J. A. Haughey, C. A. Earnest, H. H. Pierce.

Second Lieutenants: F. E Eltonhead, H. L. Baily, J. A. Hutton, Jr.

ARTILLERY BATTALION.

Composed of batteries A, C, D, E, G, L and M, Fourth Artillery.

Captain M. P. Miller, Fourth Artillery, commanding.

STAFF.

First Lieutenant: S. W. Taylor, Adjutant and Quartermaster.

Captains: C. B. Throckmorton, Geo. B. Rodney, H. C. Cushing, Arthur Morris, Edward Field.

Lieutenants: C. F. Humphrey, J. M. Jones, W. M. Metcalf.

CAVALRY BATTILION.

Composed of companies B, C, I and K, First Cavalry.

Major Geo. B. Sanford, First Cavalry, commanding.

STAFF.

First Lieutenant, C. C. Cressin, Adjutant; First Lieutenant, J. Q. Adams, Quartermaster; Assistant Surgeons, J. A. Fitzgerald, W. L. Newlands.

Captains: James Jackson, Henry Wagner, C. C. Carr, Charles Bendire.

Lieutenants: George R. Bacon, George S. Hoyle, C. C. Norton.

HOWITZER BATTERY.

Lieutenant: H. G. Otis, Fourth Artillery, commanding.

ENGINEER COMPANY.

Captain W. F. Spurgin, Twenty-first Infantry commanding.

As was announced before our first article on the Nez Perce campaign, I will deal only with the salient facts bearing directly on the military conduct of the war, and, for that reason will confine my remarks about the hardships of the Lolo Trail to the following brief clipping, written by me for another paper. The trip through Lolo Trail was made in excellent time, and to General Howard is due the full credit, as he alone appeared to be the man anxious to hurry ahead, at all hazards to life or limb, and at all times. On leaving Kamiah we were accompanied by a severe rain which kept us company for the entire day, making the march, which was single file on account of the narrowness of the path, far the most slippery, sticky, muddy and filthy of the trip. The first night we camped at the Wey-ipe (Nez Perce for a marshy place in the mountains), where camas was so plentiful that the path taken by our men was in many places actually white with that favorite Indian bulb. I should like to carry you with me through the different camps, but as

there was a great sameness in these I shall confine myself to presenting a few out-lines. About twelve years ago several thousand dollars were appropriated by Congress to have the Lolo Trail surveyed, and, judging by the great distances between the mile posts, the engineers were in league with some one who wanted to get a further appropriation for a wagon road. In connection with the extraordinary length of these miles, they are nearly all straight up and down mountains, which in height—and in the language of the Oregon trapper, Joe Meek—make ordinary picnic mountains, as, for instance, the Adirondacks, "appear as holes in the ground." For about three days and a half of our experience on this trail our horses were entirely without grass, the only semblance of it being a tough species of wire growth which mules and horses alike refuse to eat. The rapid marches, lack of food and camping on the sides of the mountains which deprive the poor brutes of rest at night, made our last tramps before reaching the east end of the Lolo very laborious, not to say of the order in which a man "works his passage."

On the very day that we began our march towards Montana, Joseph and his warriors issued from the other end of the trail, having made the trip in fifteen days; a journey that Howard made in nine days. While Howard was behind pursuing the Indians there was no possibility of their returning, and as he had telegraphed thirteen days before the Indians reached the east end of the trail that they were going in that direction, he had every confidence that they were being driven to their destruction. The following is the last dispatch he sent to Montana:

CAMP ALFRED SULLY, July 25, 1877.

Commanding Officer, Post of Missoula, Montana:

SIR:—All reports seem to indicate that what are left of the hostile Indians, with their stock and plunder, have escaped by the Lolo Trail, and may reach you before this dispatch. I shall start with my right column from Kamiah, in direct pursuit next Monday, the 30th inst. My guides say that if you could move your force this way as far as (the canyon of) the Lolo fork, which runs into the Bitter Root river, you could prevent their escape. They have a thousand horses at least, and much stuff of one kind and another, and will not go fast after they escape from the mountains

(probably will stop to graze animals.) If you simply bother them, and keep them back until I can close in, their destruction or surrender will be sure. I shall make the march as rapidly as it can be done over a rough trail. Colonel Wheaton's column will have the same objective point, viz.: Missoula, moving via. Coeur d'Alene Mission and Sohon Pass. Please notify all neighboring Commanders, both regular and volunteers, of my movement. We must not let these hostile Indians escape.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) O. O. HOWARD,
Brigadier General, U. S. A.

When near the end of the trail a courier came from Gen. Gibbon announcing that the Indians had passed around Capt. Rawn, and that he himself wanted reinforcements from Howard. Howard immediately started ahead with his entire cavalry command, about 250 strong, to join Gibbon in his proposed attack on the Indians. As a description of the way in which the Indians passed Rawn would take up too much space in this chapter, and as it is too important to be hurried over, I have concluded to close this article here, and devote the next to Captain Rawn, and the escape of the hostiles from the Lolo Trail into the Bitter Root Valley.

CHAPTER VI.

In the entire campaign against the hostile Nez Perces, no one transaction is more open to criticism than the escape of Joseph and his followers from the east end of the Lolo Trail. As has already been shown, the troops in Montana had been warned thirteen days in advance, that the hostiles were in the Lolo Trail, heading towards Missoula, and could easily be checked and held there for months. The fact that Howard was behind them with about 600 fighting men utterly excluded all hope on the part of the Indians of returning. Howard was steadily driving them upon hostile bayonets, and whether he was actually on their heels, or nine days behind them, the efficacy of the movement was the same—they could not counter-

march, and must either stand between two fires or assault the fortifications. Howard's plan made it compulsory that the Indians take either of these horns of the dilemma.

The trail was exceedingly narrow and so precipitous that even Rocky Mountain sheep could not scale the granite walls, making it impossible for the hostiles to escape by any side march; they must either keep straight ahead and storm the breast works at the east end of the trail or return to meet the victorious Howard, with overpowering numbers.

This was the plan—and now we will consider its execution. All available troops in Montana had received notification from Howard in ample time to have barricaded the narrow trail, but for some inexplicable reason, only 25 soldiers could be raised, in two weeks, to oppose the Indians' progress—or rather to consummate the plan that was sure to end in their destruction. On whom should the blame fall? On Howard, who had given ample time to the different commanders to be prepared and who had impressed upon them the necessity of speed? Surely not. Should we condemn Captain Rawn, who was the only man at the post and in command of only a handful of men? We see no just reason to find fault with him for at least making an effort to carry out Howard's instructions—the only man in that vicinity who appeared to be untainted by jealousy or indifference. The detachment from Fort Hall moved so slowly, as almost to appear either anxious to avoid perfecting Howard's plan, or keep from fighting the Indians, while Governor Potts became disgusted at the refusal of the War Department to authorize him to raise volunteers and took no part. While I do not imagine for an instant that I am capable of judging correctly at all times of the efficacy or folly of military maneuvers, I feel no hesitation in criticising Captain Rawn, insofar as he fortified himself too near the mouth of the trail, where canyons running at right angles with the main pass were staring the Indians in the face like so many invitations to escape. Had Rawn moved his command further into the trail he would have left these passes in his rear and the escape of the hostiles been, then impossible.

Rawn had with him volunteers enough to make his force 216 men, while Indians (unfortified) were but 200 strong. Finding themselves in a trap, with no apparent means of escape, the wily rascals began to parley, with the object

of gaining time to examine the country for a means of exit to the Bitter Root Valley. Having consumed four days in pretended negotiations, the hostiles became thoroughly familiar with the different canyons, and so at the end of that time, in full view of the entrenched troops, and citizens, moved up a canyon on the right and over the mountains, unobstructed.

In justice to Captain Rawn we are compelled to say that he undoubtedly would have struck Joseph with his superior force had he any command over it. LookingGlass promised the volunteers that if they would let his followers pass unmolested he would see to it that that the Indians should shed no blood in the Bitter Root Valley. This disgraceful proposition was accepted by the volunteers, and Rawn with his insignificant regular force was compelled to abide by their decision. This is the whole story of the Indians' escape from the Lolo Trail. Howard had planned their capture here, and had his instructions bee carried out and his solicitation for co-operation pro. perly heeded, the Indians would never have got away to commit new robberies and murders. This unfortunate escape of Joseph I look upon as the most disgraceful feature in the entire Nez Perce war. The Indians were fagged out, their cayuses scarcely able to walk, and their cartridge belts almost empty. To let them go by was equivalent to giving them new horses, plenty of ammunition and ample provisions—it was, in a word, breathing new life into a corpse. Here was the golden opportunity of the war, which for indifference on one side, cowardice or selfishness on another, and impecuniosity of the Government on the other, irretrievably lost. The Official proofs of Howard's forewarning the commands east of the Lolo Trail in ample time for service, and of the little advantage taken of it by the different officers, are extant, and would be gladly published by me had I not determined upon excluding everything of that kind from these articles. Somebody was criminally negligent in allowing the hostiles to escape from Lolo Trail, and who it was I leave my readers, with the naked statement of facts, to decide.

CHAPTER VII.

With the assurance from the settlers that they would not be interfered with in their passage through the Bitter Root valley, the Indians moved very slowly from the time they issued from Lolo Trail until overtaken by Gibbon; as they were anxious to trade with the whites and recruit their jaded horses. At a little place called Stephensville the whites behaved most despicably. They sold the hostiles not only provisions, horses and cartridges, but followed them up with wagons trying to sell them goods while on the march. Some half breed Indians engaged in horse raising—strongly suspected of stealing half their herds—traded fresh horses to the Nez Perces for their worn out cayuses; which gave them a great advantage over their pursuers. It was in this valley that Joseph was reinforced by 18 lodges of Nez Perces who lived off the regular reservation, chief of whom was the deceased Poker Joe.

Knowing that Howard was considerably behind them, the hostiles moved very leisurely, for, as Joseph told me afterwards, he had been guaranteed against attack in Bitter Root valley in consideration of his spilling no white blood there.

Believing what he had been told, he had no rear scouts, and traveled about ten to fifteen miles a day, for the purpose of recuperating. Arriving at Ruby creek, in the Big Hole, the hostiles went into camp, for the purpose of making preparations for the treeless plains of the buffalo country. They were all employed in cutting and barking lodge poles, with the intention of spending four or five days at it, when Gibbon overtook them. While Gibbon was pursuing Joseph, Howard dispatched Sergeant Sutherland, Co. B, First Cavalry, with the request that the Indians be delayed as much as possible by Gibbon until he could catch up—he then being a little more than two days behind.

At this time General Howard with 37 men left Skal-ka hoe (Sleeping child) with the purpose of forming a junction, at all hazards, with Gibbon, supposed to be 75 miles distant. That day General Howard and his handful of men made 53 miles, When in the midst of a dense forest beyond Ross' Hole, they were met by six citizens coming from Gibbon, who were the first to give information that a fight

had taken place. As these men were sadly demoralized they told very exaggerated stories of Gibbon's defeat, saying that he had lost 100 men killed; had been 48 hours without food or water, that he was completely surrounded and the country swarming with victorious Indians.

Discouraging as was this news to such a little band, General Howard determined to push on, and he arrived at the scene of the battle early next morning, the Indians having a short time previously broken camp. When General Howard received the news of the Ruby creek battle and the precarious situation of the soldiers, he dispatched Mr. G. H. Bonny, chief clerk at headquarters, back to the command with instructions to Col. Mason to bring up all the troops as rapidly as possible, and send ahead some surgeons immediately. This ride was made at night, and was carried out in most gallant style. Mr. Bonny having delivered the message and returned to General Howard within 37 hours, having made 151 miles in that time and slept but four hours. Surgeon Alexander and Dr. Fitzgerald, under a cavalry escort, set out instantly, and by traveling all night in a rapid way, arrived considerably ahead of the main command at the battle field, where they rendered efficient service in caring for the wounded.

General Gibbon apparently not believing that the Indians would remain long in their Ruby creek camp, and not heeding Howard's dispatch to delay the Indians until a junction could be formed, struck them early on the morning of the 9th of August.

The scene of the fight was on a narrow plain between slightly wooded hills on one side and bare table lands on the other, through which Ruby creek flowed, the banks of which were covered with stunted willows, very dense and tangled. On the table land side of the creek, in an opening along the willows, the Indians had pitched their camp. Gibbon the night previous to the fight was three or four miles off, and breaking camp at 1 o'clock A. M. with his entire force moved along the creek just opposite the Indians, taking up a position in front of the hostiles' stock at the base of the wooded hill until it was light enough to distinguish objects.

The troops were then ordered to cross, but before they got over the Indian herders discovered them and fired two or more shots and then ran. The troops and citizens then

charged the camp, most of the bucks escaping in two bands, one taking to the brush and the other to the table land. The whites began firing into the "tepees," killing some bucks and several squaws and children. Stopping to pillage, the Indians in the undergrowth opened cross fire on our men who immediately charged the party in the willows. In the meantime the bucks who had gone to the table land rallied and began a galling fire on Gibbon's men. The Indians who had run to the table land were mounted, and dividing into two parties crossed the river and began attacking the troops on the flanks. One of these parties discovering a corporal and some men bringing a howitzer and a mule loaded with cartridges; they cut them off, capturing the ammunition and destroying the gun. Gibbon and men then fell back and re-crossed the river, and as I understand the situation, finding he was surrounded, began fortifying on a little wooded knoll. Here was a most difficult undertaking, and the hidden Indian sharpshooters picked off many men, being able to shoot down immediately into the barricade. In order to get Gibbon's men out, the Indians set fire to the grass on the bare part of the hill, a quarter of a mile from the fort, with the idea of burning the entrenchments, but fortunately the wind was not sufficiently strong and the fire went out about 300 yards from the trees in which the whites were barricaded.

The Indians remained here the next day, firing every time a soldier showed himself, and left with the utmost leisure on the 11th, apparantly indifferent to pursuit. The number of Indians killed was about 14 bucks and from 40 to 50 squaws and children, and in addition our men burned several "tepees," captured some tent poles and a few Indian trinkets. The hostiles got the guns from most of the white dead, say 25 in number, captured 2,000 rounds of cartridges and a howitzer, and leaving out the women and children shot by the soldiers, killed more men than Gibbon did

Looking at this fight impartially General Gibbon got worsted. He was compelled to fortify, was cut off from water and provisions and actually lost more than the Indians. The blow he struck, however, severely crippled the hostiles, and the attack was one of the best planned schemes in the entire war. The only trouble with it was that from evidence abundant, such as preparing tent poles

for the buffalo country and other signs, the Indians intended to stay here several days and Gibbon was rather too hasty in his attack, when he knew Howard and his full cavalry force were not two days' travel off. His precipitancy robbed him of a splendid victory.

Among Gibbon's killed were Captain Logan, Lieut. Bradley and several soldiers, outright, and Lieut. English who died shortly after of wounds received. There were seventeen citizens killed. General Gibbon, Captain Williams, Lieuts. Coolidge and Woodruff, were wounded and thirty-six men and four citizens.

The morning after Howard's arrival at the scene of the Big Hole battle, Col. Mason came up with the cavalry command; and after burying the Indians, preparations were made to start the next day in pursuit of the hostiles, said to have gone into Lemhi valley.

CHAPTER VIII.

We had marched about two days from the Big Hole battle ground when a messenger rode into camp with the news that the Indians had killed several settlers in Lemhi valley and robbed nearly all the ranchmen of Horse Prairie of their stock. The detour made by the Indians into the Lemhi country, and the assurance from the fortified settlers at the mouth of Stephenson's canyon that they would oppose the passage of the Indians by that trail, gave Gen. Howard every confidence that by hurrying along the Salt Lake and Montana Stage road he would be able to head off the hostiles at a crossing, usually made by the Indians en route for the buffalo country. We passed in sight of Bannock city, the entire town turning out in holiday attire to welcome General Howard and his brave soldiers, whom they looked upon as their deliverers.

In this march we were accompanied by two companies of Infantry, kindly spared us for a short time (too short however to be of any service) by Col. Gibbon. A company of the Fourth Artillery under Lieutenant Humphrey and one of the Eighth Infantry commanded by Captain Wells, by forced marches succeeded in overtaking us just before the

companies belonging to Gibbon's command had returned to Deer Lodge. About the 16th of August, when at a little stage station called Junction, Col. Sanford reported to General Howard that his horses were in such a worn out condition it would be impossible for him to continue the pursuit without at least a day's rest. Prior to arriving at this place, sixty volunteers, under Messrs. Stuart and Clark, from Deer Lodge, joined us, but apparently not wishing to fight the Indians if they had to chase them for it, they returned home after traveling about five miles in the direction of the hostiles. At Junction we were joined by about forty more volunteers from Virginia City, commanded by Capt. Calloway, a large proportion of whom followed the example of the Deer Lodge citizens, and went home before we had made a day's march towards the stage road crossing; a small portion of them, however, continued on to Camas Prairie. With the assurance that the settlers who had fortified at the end of Stephenson's canyon would hold the Indians until the arrival of the troops near Camas Meadows, General Howard left Sanford's cavalry command at Junction to recuperate for a few hours, (with the exception of an important detachment under Lieutenant Bacon, which will be spoken of hereafter) and went ahead followed by a company of the Second Cavalry under Captain Norwood,—who had just joined us—to learn the exact whereabouts of the Indians.

The General had not been gone long when a dispatch was received at Junction that the Indians were crossing the stage road and heading towards Henry Lake; an order coming at the same time to Sanford, commanding him to saddle immediately and make all haste for the place where the Indians had crossed. Before setting out, a picked command of forty cavalrymen, under Lieutenants Bacon and Hoyle, of the First Cavalry, and some Indian scouts, had been sent out at midnight to go to Henry Lake, by a short cut, to report the doings of the Indians and harass their progress. Of course, it was a great surprise to General Howard to hear that the Indians had eluded him, as he had relied upon the citizens of Stephenson's canyon to be as good as their word, and at least resist the Indians' passage.

Like their brethren of the Bitter Root valley, however, these fortified men, holding a position like that of the Lolo

Trail, which the Indians could not possibly have stormed, disgracefully allowed the hostiles—the same who had but a couple of days before murdered perhaps their own brothers in Lemhi valley—to pass, on condition they would do no harm to them or theirs. Facts are truly stubborn things, and we have not one word to say in extenuation of the abject cowardice on the part of these settlers,—a class of men whom we had been taught in early life to regard as courageous as lions.

On arriving late at night, at the stage station near where the hostiles had crossed the road going towards Henry Lake, General Howard was informed by his scouts that Joseph was encamped about 16 miles from there, on a grassy plain called Camas Meadows. The General immediately consulted his different officers on the feasibility of keeping on through the night, but on the assurance of the cavalry commander and other officers that the horses and men could not possibly withstand the hardship, he reluctantly abandoned the project until morning. At early dawn the command was already on the way towards the Indian camp, with the Infantry and Artillery hurrying after us, in country wagons, about a day behind. Reaching Camas Meadows, we found "the birds had flown," but as the place was well watered, and rich grass in abundance, the men and horses fatigued and the foot troops but a short distance behind, General Howard moved across two parallel creeks in that neighborhood and encamped on a rocky knoll, with a view of holding a strong position and feeding his animals in the bottom. The few volunteers of Calloway's company took up their position between the two creeks about two hundred yards from the main camp.

CHAPTER IX.

The camp on Camas Meadows was named in honor of Captain Calloway, of the Virginia City volunteers.

As was shown in the last article, General Howard encamped on a rocky eminence, as a defense against any sudden attack from the Indians and unusual precautions were taken against their running off our horses, as the bell mares were "hobbled" on this night, a thing that had not been

done before in the campaign—probably because they had to graze outside the main lines. Colonel Mason was more particular than ever in the placing of pickets, our little camp being completely sorrounded by them, out beyond the grazing herd. This night the entire command went to sleep with a confidence that everything was safe, it being the first time that many of us had taken off all our clothes, on retiring, since the Clearwater battle. At the first streakings of dawn, or rather just after the intense darkness that precedes daylight had passed away, our camp was awakened by sharp firing and the diabolical yelling of Indians, about two hundred yards from the headquarter tents. We all ran out as quickly as possible, but as it was dark, and as the volunteers had camped across the creek from the main command, in the immediate vicinity of the firing and war-whoops, our guns were almost useless. Immediately the command was given to saddle, and as quickly as the confusion would permit, the men were standing at their horses' heads waiting for daylight to mount and chase the Indians. Sweeping around our camp could be distinguished a herd of stampeded horses and mules, galloping at their highest possible speed, with a considerable band of Indians behind goading them on with loud cries, and discharge of rifles. As soon as the sun had thrown rays enough over the valley to permit our men to see before them, Colonel Sanford started with three companies of cavalry to attempt to overtake the hostiles and recover the stolen stock. The different companies were commanded by Captains Carr and Jackson, of the First Cavalry, and Captain Norwood, of the Second Cavalry, with Lieutenant Benson, of the Seventh Infantry, acting as Lieutenant. After riding several miles as rapidly as the exhausted animals could go, sight was caught of the stampeded herd. Captain Carr was ordered to charge the hostiles, which he did most gallantly, cutting off some thirty-six horses and mules. A messsenger then came into camp from the front and informed General Howard that the hostiles were in force in some lava beds about eight miles to the southeast. General Howard took all the available men from the little body defending the camp and started to join Sanford. On reaching the fighting ground it was found that Colonel Sanford not wishing to precipitate an engagement with his inferior force, had given orders to fall back. This command was obeyed by all ex-

cept Captain Norwood, who, being surrounded by Indians and dismounted, sent back word that it would be impossible for him to leave his position without creating a panic among his men, and so he gallantly "held his own," until the Indians drew off and left his exit clear. Although nothing very serious happened in this little skirmish beyond the killing of a bugler, and the wounding of six men and one officer, Lieutenant Benson, it cannot be denied that whatever glory is attached to it belongs to Joseph, to say nothing of his stampeding our pack train, and thus robbing us of nearly $10,000 worth of animals.

It seems strange that at a time when unusual precautions were taken against a surprise, that at that very moment the Indians should make an attack and get away successfully. As an evidence of the unusual care taken this night, all the cavalry horses and wagon mules were tied up on the rocky mound where we were encamped, and fortunately it was so, as these were the animals the Indians had hoped to run off.

The hostiles who took part in this attack rode up to our picket line, in columns of fours, like cavalry, coming apparently from the direction from which we expected the return of Lieutenant Bacon from Henry Lake with his detachment of horse. This misled our guards, and they did not fire until the Indians had got within easy speaking distance. As the glen where our pack animals were grazing was cut up by two parallel creeks, the banks of which were covered with a dense scrub willow thicket, it was not very difficult for Indians to conceal themselves in it, and creep into our camp in the darkness. As quickly as the first picket fired on the hostiles, those who had stolen into the meadows among our pack animals, cut the "hobbles" from the bell mares, and with yelling and firing of their rifles succeeded in frightening the whole herd into a stampede, which the main body, being in readiness for, took immediate advantage of, and drove them as rapidly as possible towards the Indian breastworks in the lava beds. It cannot be denied that the Indians behaved courageously, and that they successfully carried into effect their well laid plans, or that they also are entitled to all the glory of the skirmish; but on the other hand, it is equally certain that every precaution was taken to prevent a surprise, and blame can be attached to no one —unless we except Morpheus, who had overcome us with his poppy lotion.

CHAPTER X.

At about sunset, the day of the Camas Meadows skirmish, by dint of forced marches, the artillery and infantry under Colonel Miller and Captain Miles, respectively, caught up with General Howard and the cavalry command.

Early the next morning the entire force was en route for Henry Lake, at which place it was hoped that the Indians would either camp or be held at bay by the cavalry force under Lieutenant Bacon. Unfortunately, neither was the case. As we were so close upon the hostiles, they only stopped at the lake long enough to cook breakfast, and were off again in the direction of the Yellowstone Park. Lieutenant Bacon having reached Henry Lake considerably ahead of the Indians, and seeing no signs of them, up to the time they were expected, took it for granted they had gone in some other direction. He thereupon broke camp, and striking the stage-road in our rear, rejoined us in the stern chase. On the way to Henry Lake we were joined by fifty Bannock Indians, under a very daring scout, from Fort Hall, named Fisher. On reaching the lake, it was found impossible to proceed farther without refitting and rest. Surgeon Alexander reported about thirty men as completely worn out, and many more in a condition imperatively demanding rest. Our horses were nearly all exhausted, and the men and officers alike, needed shoes, blankets and clothing. General Howard inquired how many days would be needed to bring the necessary clothing to the camp from Virginia City, and was informed that it could not be done in less than five. The General was positive it could be done in less time, and without more ado, started for Virginia City, traveling night and day until he returned with all the stock of blankets, shoes, etc., in the town. Besides communicating with General Sherman and McDowell, through the telegraph office, while at Virginia City, Howard also directed further clothing supplies, that he had previously requested through Colonel Gibbon, by telegraphing to Fort Ellis. These followed and overtook us at Mud Springs. A herd of cayuse horses was also brought to serve as pack-animals.

Before leaving for Virginia City, General Howard had sent those of the Bannock Indians, who had not returned

to Fort Hall on account of the cold, ahead under Fisher, to steal the hostiles' horses, harass them at every opportunity and keep them constantly in view, to inform us of their different movements. As it was very evident from the direction taken by the Indians that they intended to move towards the Crow Agency, Captains Cushing and Field, of the Fourth Artillery, and Norwood, of the Second Cavalry, were detached and sent by a short cut in that direction via. Fort Ellis, with instructions to take up any available force en route.

On reaching Henry Lake, it was generally believed that orders would be received informing us that inasmuch as General Howard had driven the Indians considerably beyond the limits of his department, and was in too exhausted a state to continue driving them without great suffering, through territory commanded by other officers, that we must retrace our footsteps to Lewiston. Instead of this however, a dispatch announcing that we must keep on to 'the bitter end' was received—and right loyally was it obeyed. The few days' rest at Henry Lake had a very good effect upon our men and horses, nearly all of them gaining strength and spirits, as the rapidity of our subsequent movements clearly demonstrated. It is true that our worn out men, having been of the opinion that their forced marches would end at Henry Lake, were a little disappointed to learn that they must continue through the Winter, as they feared, in the same old way, with little rest, often insufficient food, and frequently without water for twelve hours at a time; but they never once complained, and a more willing command to keep on, under all circumstances, can scarcely be imagined.

CHAPTER XI.

General Howard broke camp at Henry Lake on the 28th of August, and continued on the trail of the hostiles, toward the Yellowstone river and National Park. Before leaving Camp Ebstein, a man came into camp who told us of a party from Radersburg, that had been robbed and attacked by the hostiles in the Geyser Basin. As this is an episode not properly connected with the military conduct

of the campaign, we pass it over with the remark that Joseph behaved honorably towards the captives, and we hope it may be remembered in his favor when brought to trial. Passing through that wonderful "laboratory of nature," the Geysers of the National Park, we reached the Yellowstone river about the 1st of September. Our marches at this time averaged about fifteen miles a day; the object in making such small distances, being to enable certain supplies from Virginia City to overtake us. The command had to make a road from Henry Lake to the Geysers, and the wagons that followed us were the first, we believe, that ever succeeded in making that trip. The tree choppers and graders were kept very busy and much credit is due Captain Spurgin, Twenty-First Infantry, who commanded this corps of "pioneers," for the successful result of his labors.

While encamped on the Yellowstone river a discharged soldier named Irwin, who had been captured in the Lower Basin by the hostiles, escaped, and reported to General Howard. He informed us that the Indians were about forty miles ahead of us, wandering about in a seemingly aimless way among the dense pine forests. They told a miner named Shively, whom they had captured, that they were lost and wanted to get out of the entanglement of woods and mountains, to the buffalo plains. He agreed to pilot them through, knowing he could thus prolong his life, and told Irwin they would go through Clarke's Fork. About this time, Fisher, the Fort Hall scout, sent a messenger to camp informing us of the hostiles' whereabouts and probable future movements. General Howard learning from Irwin that a short cut could be made by the way of Barronet's bridge and Soda Butte Canyon to the point of outlet from the mountains to the plains near Heart Mountain, he resolved upon that course, and without more delay, hurried with all speed in that direction. On arriving at Barronet's bridge, we found that a small raiding party had been there and had made an unsuccessful attempt to burn the bridge. We were delayed here several hours in repairing the damage, and then learned for the first time of the attack made by a small scouting force of hostiles at Mammoth Springs and Henderson's ranch General Gilbert arrived with Norwood's company of Second Cavalry a day after this attack, but for

some unaccountable reason, instead of keeping on, he swung far around to our rear, where he kept during the entire campaign.

On arriving at the entrance of Soda Butte Canyon a party of scouts was put upon the Indian trail, which was discovered here, (running almost at right angles with the route we pursued) and sent by that way to keep us informed of any backward movement on the part of the hostiles, while the main command took the path through the canyon, expecting to either head off the hostiles at Clarke's Fork Canyon, or be so close upon them as to make their capture an easy undertaking. Passing through these canyons and Lodge Pole Trail, we struck Crandall creek the day after the hostiles had left. The Bannock scouts found a wounded Nez Perce there, and inhumanly killed him. Near Crandall creek we were met by some scouts from General Sturgis, who informed us that that officer, with Custer's old Seventh Cavalry, was only two days' travel off, near Heart Mountain, on the other side of the mountains, at the entrance to the buffalo country. General Howard immediately sent two of these men back to their commander with instructions concerning our proximity and the certainty of our driving the Indians upon him. There was but one outlet, and the Indians were as much entrapped as at Lolo Trail. General Howard was behind them with a superior force, Sturgis at the other end of the narrow trail with six companies of cavalry and the Indians between us with no opportunity to escape on the side—the one narrow trail being the only outlet in this rugged country, to the plains. How our trap worked will be the subject of the next article.

CHAPTER XII.

On or about the 10th of September, we discovered, as was related in the previous article, that the hostiles were between us and Sturgis, and our hopes of their speedy capture were of the most buoyant kind. Leading from us to the supposed whereabouts of the Seventh Cavalry, was a trail over a very high mountain, which trail degenerated into a narrow gully on the other side, between the high

walls of rock, that, almost meeting at the top, in places, made it appear as if we were passing through an incline tunnel. It was through this natural screening pass that Joseph and his warriors escaped to the buffalo plains. Colonel Sturgis did not receive any of the late dispatches sent him by Howard to watch for the exit of the Indians near Heart Mountain, and supposing that the common impression was correct, that the hostiles intended to move towards the Stinking Water, he started off with his cavalry force in that direction. On that very day, Joseph and his followers, men, women and children, horses and pack animals, came swarming down the mountain side, through the tunnel trail, and escaped out on the long sought buffalo plains.

Here was a repetition of the misfortune that met the troops on arriving at the east end of Lolo Trail. The game was almost in hand, but apparently disdained. Colonel Sturgis explains his course by saying that he had no scouts acquainted with the country, with the exception of a Canadian of doubtful honesty, and was informed that there was no possible way by which the Indians could get from the west side of the mountains to the buffalo country, unless by the direction of the Stinking Water. Having made up his mind to head them off at this place, Sturgis listened to the Canadian's counsel and left his true position, and thus gave the Indians free exit.

General Howard had no sooner arrived on the lowlands near Heart Mountain, than about eight bodies of Scandinavian miners were discovered, pierced with bullets and pockets rifled. Discovering that the Indian trail lead towards Canyon creek and the Yellowstone river, General Howard dispatched a messenger to bring back Sturgis from his wild goose chase, and continued on himself to Clarke's Fork.

Being overtaken here by the Seventh Cavalry, General Howard held a council with Sturgis and assumed formal command; resolving that as the latter's horses were comparatively fresh, to send them on with their utmost speed to overtake the hostiles, detatching from his own command, Captain Bendire's company, as having the strongest appearing animals—Lieutenant Otis with the battery and Lieutenant Fletcher with the white and Indian scouts—all under Colonel Sanford of the First Cavalry. It will be seen that

the force thus constituted was now part and parcel of General Howard's own command. On the 13th the hostiles were overtaken by this advance pursuing force, in a little valley surrounded by a series of hills, the melting snow running from the sides of which had made deep canyons, affording an excellent battle ground for the Indian style of warfare. Near the center of the valley was a dry creek at the bottom of a deep and crooked ravine between high perpendicular banks into which the hostiles drove all their stock, leaving it in charge of the squaws and boys. There were scarcely five trees in the entire valley, and only in the vicinity of the creek was anything like a sheltering shrub—sage brush being very luxuriant there. The warriors took possession of the different heights almost immediately, and by their courage and good shooting baeffld all the attempts of our men to get to the other end of the canyon, through which the stock was being driven. When the ponies had all gone safely through the pass and were well on their way to the Buffalo (or Round) Lakes, the Indian opposition to the troops gradually decreased, and by sunset all firing had stopped. In this skirmish, although at long range, three soldiers were killed and nine wounded. Six Nez Perce bodies were found, and about a hundred of their horses were driven off, principally by the Crows. At 6 o'clock next morning Sturgis continued the pursuit, and a running fire was kept up nearly all day between our advance and the hostile rear guard—several Indians being killed and about 600 horses captured. Howard, with a small escort, hearing of Sturgis' engagement, rode all night toward the Dry Creek battle ground, where he arrived the next morning about four hours after the departure of the advance column. Taking into consideration the worn out condition of his men and animals, which precluded anything like a rapid pursuit, Howard determined to keep the comparatively fresh Sturgis on the heels of the Indians, while he, with the main command, would go around by the Yellowstone near Baker's battle ground for supplies, on to the Musselshell, and then try to head off Joseph in his attempt to join the hostile Sioux. Colonel Sturgis deserves much credit for the vigorous blow he struck the Indians, and the speed and steadfastness of his pursuit. He traveled so fast in his chase, that he got two days ahead of his supplies and was compelled to live on mule meat. In his dispatch

to General Howard, Sturgis pluckily said he would keep after the hostiles until either his or their horses should give out; and he did it too, but unfortunately his horses were the first to succumb. General Howard then returned from Sturgis' battle field to the Yellowstone river, took command of the main column, and started for the Musselshell, where he and Sturgis afterwards effected a junction.

CHAPTER XIII.

After Howard's and Sturgis' commands had come together at the Musselshell river, the chase was kept up through the alkali plains and Judith Basin at comparatively slow marches. The reason being that General Howard had sent couriers ahead to Col. Miles to look out for the Indians making towards the Upper Missouri. Miles sent back word that if eight days could be given him he would succeed in getting beyond the hostiles, and would strike them. To bring about so favorable a result our marches were "slowed," so that the Indians not finding us within dangerous proximity, would slacken their pace too. After we had passed through the Judith Basin, and our supplies from the Big Horn post had reached us, General Howard resolved upon sending back the First Cavalry and the mule pack train. Winter was threatening around us, and as the Cavalry horses of the First Regiment were nearly all worn out, it would be impossible to keep them alive in a country covered with snow. As for the pack animals, they were hired by the month at Lewiston, and as we were now in a country where wagons could be used, it was deemed best not to risk any longer their being snowed in for the Winter, at a heavy expense to the Government, so they were sent home too, via. the Mullan road. The very day that the First Cavalry and the pack train left us, news was brought that the Indians had crossed the Missouri river at Cow Island—a day's march from where we then were—had killed one or two men there in a skirmish and robbed and burned the store.

As soon as Miles was apprised of this, he started from the mouth of the Musselshell with his cavalry and mounted infantry by a circuitous route and forced marches to intercept the Indians before they could reach Sitting Bull across the

border, knowing that it was useless to join Howard in a stern chase and that the Indians were ignorant of his whereabouts. Howard's first dispatch to Miles concerning the direction taken by the Indians was dated September 12th, and on the 30th of that month Miles succeeded in striking the Indians on the right flank, a little to the front, on Snake creek just north of Bear Paw Mountains. The country there is barren and broken with steep, precipitous ravines running in every direction. At first sight of the camp Miles gave the order to charge it,—the mounted Fifth Infantry in the centre, flanked by companies of the Second and Seventh Cavalry carried out the command. At the very first onset the Second Cavalry succeeded in cutting off about half the warriors and horses from the camp, the latter they captured. The charge made by the Seventh Cavalry on the rifle pits was not quite so fortunate, Capt. Hall and Lieut. Biddle being killed almost immediately, besides several men. All the while the Fifth Infantry was marching slowly and surely upon the Indian fortifications, and being joined on the wings by the cavalry companies, the little camp was completely surrounded. Desultory firing was kept up for three days by three hundred United States troops on one side and seventy-five Indians on the other, when a flag sign was made in the Indian camp and Joseph announced that he wanted to make peace. On guarantee from Miles of good treatment Joseph came in and held a council. Lieutenant Jerome who ventured too near the enemy's line was about this time taken prisoner and held as hostage for Joseph's safe return. The result of the conference was that Joseph was promised his life and safe return to Idaho, unchained, if he would surrender. Joseph wanted to retain his arms, but finding Miles determined against it he waived the demand and left with the apparent intention of surrendering with his entire force. It turns out, however, that Joseph was unsuccessful in his peace mission, his warriors stoutly refusing to give up; and firing was recommenced, and kept up, when General Howard with a small body guard arrived on the scene. Immediately negotiations for the surrender of Joseph were again entered into, and our two Nez Perce herders, Captain John and George, were sent into the hostile camp to re-open the question. After a great deal of message sending to and fro, and diplomatic *finesse*, it was finally arranged that the Indians would surrender on substantially the same terms

offered by Miles in the first place. At sunset Joseph rode into camp, surrounded by a few warriors on foot, and going up to General Howard, as commander of the expedition, proffered him his rifle. The General instantly stepped back and told Joseph he must surrender his gun to Miles, who, although successful under his instructions was in reality the conqueror. This courtesy on the part of General Howard was not lost on Colonel Miles, who took occasion to show the General several times how keenly he appreciated his services in the victory. Joseph had scarcely turned over his gun to Miles, when the Indians were seen in every direction coming in to follow his example, the wily White Bird among the rest. This latter individual regretting the step almost as quickly as made, stole away from camp that night and joined the warriors—those who had been cut off by the 2d Cavalry—in their march to Cypress Mountains, the camping place of Sitting Bull. About 375 Indians surrendered at this Snake creek battle, only 75 of whom, however, were actual fighters. It was promised Joseph that he would be taken to Tongue river and kept there till Spring and then be returned to Idaho. General Sheridan ignoring the promises made on the battle field, ostensibly on account of the difficulty of getting supplies there from Fort Bufort, ordered the hostiles to Leavenworth where they now are, which doubtless they deserve; but different treatment was promised them when they held rifles in their hands and we think it should have been adhered to. Howard's command then took steamboat from Carroll to Omaha, and via. Pacific Railroad, home, thus ending the first campaign against the hostile Nez Perce Indians.

CHAPTER XIV.

A brief sketch of the general character of the country passed through by Howard's command, in its chase after the hostile Nez Perces, properly belongs to this series.

Coming over Craig's Mountain from Lewiston, we entered upon the rich undulating Camas Prairie; a country almost destitute of trees, though fringed with Pine forests along the mountain boundaries, and so rich in grass that the earth could only be distinguished in the paths. The

valley is well watered and admirably adapted for grazing and dairying purposes. The land between Camas Prairie and the Salmon river is hilly, rich in grass, and bare of trees; the descent from the summit to Salmon river being seven miles. The character of country on the west side of the Salmon river, for a few miles inland, is about the same as on the east side, but differs beyond, as you are met with a densely wooded section a short distance in and confronted by so steep and lofty mountains, that it took part of our command over a day to make the ascent of one of them, and several mules were lost by tumbling over the grade. To climb this mountain it was absolutely necessary to cling to the rocks with fingers and nails to keep from sharing the same fate as the unfortunate pack animals. On reaching the summit, a beautiful table land was spread out before us, luxuriant in herbage, well wooded and watered, and actually cold in temperature, in the middle of July. The country from the heavily timbered Clearwater to Kamiah was "up and down" and not unlike the hilly neighborhood of the Salmon river, except that little groves of trees dotted the different canyons here and there, in a way to break the monotony. The country dividing Kamiah, Idaho, from Missoula, Montana, is mountainous, rugged and wild. The trail led over steep heights, winding about abysses, ploughing through marshes, and groping through fallen timber and dense and tangled undergrowth. At times we were encamped on the summit of bald rocky mountains, at others on the sides of steep declivities, and at others in rank swamps. At one part of this Lolo Trail there is no grass for upwards of 120 miles, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we kept our horses alive through the march. The east end of this route is a great improvement, however, on the center and west end; there being frequent little oval-shaped openings rich in grass and water, and the timber is not so dense nor the mountains so precipitous.

On issuing from the Lolo Trail we entered the beautiful Bitter Root valley—as level as a college campus and "as green as the shamrock at Blarney Castle." From here we passed through a series of semi-marshy places, run together like a string of zeroes, called "Holes," the connecting or rather separating bonds being rocky ridges covered with pines. We then re-crossed the Rocky Mountains from the

east side to the west, entering Pleasant valley. The country from here to Henry Lake was filled with beautiful little trout streams, and elegant grazing lands, abundant with game and rich in all kinds of timber. The country around Henry Lake though diversified is well supplied with nutritious grasses and an abundance of water. From Henry Lake to the Yellowstone river the face of the land is very much broken, and so thickly covered with forests that our axemen were kept very busy cutting places even wide enough for horsemen at single file to ride, to say nothing of the exertions that were made to cut paths wide enough for our wagons. The scenery around Yellowstone river, the National Park, is at once picturesque and grand. The spouting streams of hot water; the boiling vats of different colored muds; the wild, wierd appearance of this entire sulphurous country; the mighty Yellowstone canyon with its walls tinted with gold, pink, russet and scarlet, bounded at one end by the beautiful falls of the Yellowstone river; the river itself; the silvery Yellowstone lake, all tend to make up one of the most enchanting pictures in all nature. The trip from Yellowstone canyon to the plains was over a very rough section; rugged mountaims, snow capped, surrounding us on every side. On this march we passed through Soda Butte Canyon, one of the sublimest spots in the world, re-named by General Howard, Jocelyn Canyon, after Captain Jocelyn of the Twenty-First Infantry. Immense mountains on both sides, as ragged as the Needles of Interlaken and as solemn as old Mount Blanc himself, stand like giant sentinels along the trail. Mighty as is the Yellowstone Canyon, it is as insignificant compared with this home of thunder storms as the so-called *Mauvais-pas* of Switzerland, and I seriously doubt if there is a place in all nature so mighty and magnificent. Struggling through the forests along Clarke's Fork, and up and down the vertical and jaggy mountains, we reach the plains—the buffalo country—at Heart Mountain. Between the Yellowstone river and this mountain we are given a taste of what we are to get in the future, water fortunately being plentiful, but timber scarce. Between the Yellowstone and Musselshell rivers, land is almost entirely without trees, and water is exceedingly scarce, only to be had in alkali holes which are made doubly distasteful by buffaloes having wallowed in them. The landscape is very uneven, grass being scarce—

the whole appearing like a tempestuous sea of sage brush and grease wood. We here saw our first buffaloes, which with antelope and deer were very plentiful. The general aspect of the country was pretty much the same from the Musselshell to Judith Basin as that between Musselshell and Yellowstone rivers—bare of trees, grass poor and water bad and difficult to find. The Judith Basin is a large prairie surrounded by timbered hills and crossed by numerous little crystal streams. Vegetation grows luxuriously, and the general appearance of the place is not unlike Camas Prairie, only more level, better watered and decidedly more windy. From Judith Basin to Carrol, on the Missouri river, and across the Missouri to the Bear Paw Mountains, the command passed through the much dreaded "bad lands." Even sage brush and grease wood can scarcely exist there. The surface of this section is very rough and hilly, and composed of a black sticky earth, that when moistened by rain sticks to the feet of pedestrians and horses in great lumps, seriously impeding progress. Taking it altogether, General Howard's command had to pass through some of the very worst country in the United States. The first half of the campaign was over steep mountains—we crossed the Rockies three times—through dense forests; the other half was over a vast waste of sterile land, dreary and tiresome, without water, fuel or grass, monotonously level at times, and others a succession of ascents and descents every few hundred yards, that even wearied our sturdy foot troops. When it is considered that the artillery and infantry went through this terrible region tiring out the cavalry twice over, making an average of over seventeen miles a day, the fact is undeniable that they performed a feat never before equaled, whether we compare it with Sherman's march to the Sea, or Xenophon's celebrated retreat of the ten thousand. With this "hurrygraph" of the country passed through, I close this article, to prepare for a chapter on the American Private Soldier.

CHAPTER XV.

The following concerning "the boys in blue" was written editorially, but as it is my intention to close this pamphlet with a few remarks on the citizen employes under Howard, I hope I may be pardoned for publishing it here, as none are more deserving of mention than the brave private soldiers.

There has been a disposition among newspaper men, ignorant of "war and its wild alarms" (if we except the occasional infuriated citizen who hunts the editor with a cowhide), to jeer at our private soldiers, speaking of them as a hodge-podge of the scum of the world, being men only one step, perhaps, above thieves, on the social ladder. This is a base slander and the more quickly the heroes, "invincible in peace and invisible in war," awaken to the fact, the earlier they will make amends for a rank injustice.

Among the soldiers may be found mechanics of every description, and often a man who has held high office among his citizen brothers. As a class they are intelligent men, as many being exceptionally intelligent as exceptionally ignorant. Every company has among its members, a carpenter, a shoemaker, a tailor, a barber, some five or six able to fill first-class clerkships, and men, in fact, of almost every condition of life. Besides almost every post has its reading room and library. Why such men join the army is beyond our province. Each man has his own sad story. Some have lost everything in business, and in desperation have carried a musket; others have seen, perhaps, the adored one of their bosoms "play them false," and have tried to bury themselves and their heart wounds under a blue coat; whilst others, perhaps, having "gone on a spree," and on sobering, keenly feeling, and nervously magnifying their disgrace, have resolved to go off into some distant country and hide themselves in a rifle pit grave. We call to mind a gallant little Sergeant, who had applied for leave from his post to join his company in the field and with whom we became acquainted on the road from Portland to General Howard's command on the Salmon river. He was a very intelligent young man, being one of the best Shakespearian scholars and readiest quoters from standard English poets we have ever met. We never have seen a man so anxious

to get where the Indians were supposed to be, nor happier while traveling rapidly or sadder when resting.

At the battle of the Clearwater this young man started up once of his own accord to charge the Indians, and was pulled back, but jumping up again he rushed forth firing, but almost instantly fell, flat on his face, pierced by Nez Perce bullets on every side. Perhaps this was foolhardy, but how do we know what load the lead in this poor fellow's body took from his mind? Which of us could blame the man, weighed down with troubles and bitter recollections, with no light in the future, for dying as he did? At the same battle a private came into where the doctors had put a hospital tent, badly wounded in the arm and face. No sooner were his wounds dressed than off he started. The doctor who had bandaged him called out, "Go over there with the wounded." "Never mind about me, doctor," the brave fellow answered, "I'm as good as two dead Indians yet," and off he went for a picket line, where it was almost suicide to show the top of one's head. It is possible there are some who scoff at the private soldier, who would have done the same, and not taken the doctor's permission to keep out of danger, but we hope we may be pardoned for doubting it.

These, however, are but samples of many cases called to our attention. Through the entire chase after Joseph (unparalleled in warfare), the foot-sore soldiers never once flagged, and no officer in the entire command was more anxious than they to reach the Indians. On one occasion, after they had tramped thirty miles over a barren waste, and had just thrown themselves on the ground in sheer exhaustion, the news came that the Indians were only twenty-five miles ahead. Soon after, the different battalion commanders came to General Howard and said their men—God bless their brave hearts!—were anxious to keep on marching through the night. This is the stuff our American soldiers are made of. And when they were in actual combat, *not a man flinched*, and when they were told to charge, a yell of delight went up, *and not a living soul held back*. This is the American soldier as we found him by actual contact.

CHAPTER XVI.

The citizens under General Howard were the packers in charge of the mule trains, guides, interpreters, couriers, scouts, and volunteers. The scouts were also used in the passage through the dense forests of the Lolo Trail as wood choppers and graders. The packers were a splendid class of men physically, and better accustomed to the hardships of the camp than even the soldiers or volunteers. Most of them were Americans, with a small sprinkling of Mexicans,—just enough to give the proper pronunciation to *aparejos*, and swear in a musical tone. In the long tramps they were always the happiest, and in camp their fires were the first made, their suppers first ready and better provided and cooked than any others. In time of fighting they were never known to falter, and at the two days' Clearwater battle, when at one time the Indians were thought to have broken our lines, they all took guns and ran to the breach. The report that General Howard was delayed in the Lolo Trail by a strike among the packers is false, for they were willing at all times to keep going, and never once hesitated. The guides were men picked up in the different regions we passed through and dropped usually, at the end of their usefulness. Through Idaho to Montana, Ad. Chapman was the guide, and was at once one of the most intelligent and bravest men in the command. He is generally acknowledged to be the best horseman in northern Idaho, and the way he would tear down a steep mountain, jumping rocks and fallen timber with his horse at full speed would make even the Indian herders hold their breath. At the Clearwater fight, several companies on the picket line were out of ammunition with no way to get back after more. Who would volunteer to carry it out? Ad. Chapman jumped on his spirited horse, and with a heavy box of cartridges on back hip, started at full run, amid a shower of balls, for the front, where he safely landed his precious burden. Chapman was also our chief interpreter, being the only white man in the command who could speak the Nez Perce language perfectly. Our chief guide through Montana was George Huston; a modest man, one of the oldest hunters in the country and as brave as a

Nez Perce chief. We found him in the heart of the Rocky Mountains and the services rendered by him were of the most important kind. From the time the Indians struck the plains at Heart Mountain he kept on their track, and was one of the few who was "in at the death." We met with a great many so called guides, of the long hair, buck-skin-suit, overly-armed order, with high sounding titles, but invaribly found them to be guides of "fiction," (Beadle's) and of no practical use, being in fact almost as great cowards as they were boasters. On reaching the Crow country, our interpreter was a Canadian, dressed in a variegated blanket overcoat, and answering to the sobriquet of "Frenchy." He was a rollicking fellow, and bore the reputation of not caring very much whose horse he took in a "pinch," being what they call in the Upper Missouri region a "J. S." man. A J. S. man is one who steals government horses and changes the U. S. brand by lengthening the right line of the U. making it look like a big J. The couriers were men well acquainted with the country and, excellent and enduring horsemen. They were sent often hundreds of miles at a time with letters, and in but few instances failed to reach their destination in good season. Our best courier was "Pike" Davenport of Idaho; he having made the trip all the way from Lewiston to the Upper Missouri with letters from the rear for General Howard, alone, and in remarkably short time. Tom Chapman in Idaho, and "Baptiste" (a Canadian halfbreed) from Fort Hall in Montana, Blake from the Pataha, and the brave Nez Perce James Reuben from Kamiah, all rendered valuable services in this calling.

In Idaho our volunteers were from the vicinity of Walla Walla, Lewiston and Mt. Idaho. They were a fine looking set of fellows, excellent horsemen, accustomed to endurance, and with their wide hats, rifles across their pummels, cartridge belts and bowie knives, presented a very threatening appearance. Seventeen of them on one occasion did some very brave fighting at Camas Prairie, actually shooting their way through surrounding Indians. The volunteers deserving the most praise were those from Lewiston under Col. McConville, a brave and honorable young man. Those from the Pataha appeared to pay more attention to gathering Indian ponies than in actual fighting, while the Montana volunteers, mostly were failures. We had com-

panies from almost every town we passed near, which would come out in a cloud of dust, thirsting for gore, and on finding that they could not usurp General Howard's command of the expedition and that they were getting unpleasantly near the Indians, would suddenly recollect business at home and leave us. A few of the Virginia City delegation I believe, stuck to us till we caught up with the Indians at Camas Meadows, but performed no great deeds of heroism.

Our principal scouts were Fisher form Fort Hall, (the only man we met in the entire campaign who wore buckskin and amounted to anything) who actually camped on the Nez Perces' trail; Lieut. Jack Carlton of Lewiston, a power in this vocation, Frank J. Parker, of Boise City, the well known correspondent Il Penseroso, W. D. Curry of Portland, Oregon, Capt. Robbins, of Boise City, and a young Bannock chief named Buffalo Horn, all made enviable reputations for themselves. It was on these men that we depended chiefly for our information as to the whereabouts of the Indians, and for game. A braver set of men never put spurs to horse, nor a more cheerful set, under hardships, ever gathered around a sage brush fire.

Here ends the last tramp. Our destination is reached, and in taking leave of my old comrades in arms, while as yet but few of us have gone to our final camping ground, I wish to say, that if this little book has helped in any way to keep green the memories of our mutual pleasures and hardships, or aided in cementing the friendships formed during the campaign, I shall feel more than compensated for my labors, and glad indeed that the work was begun.

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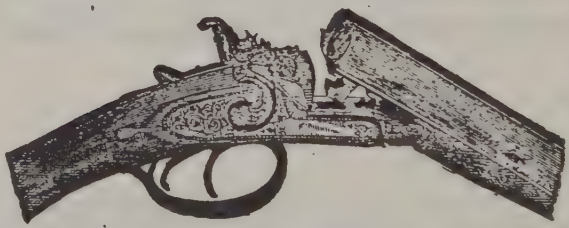

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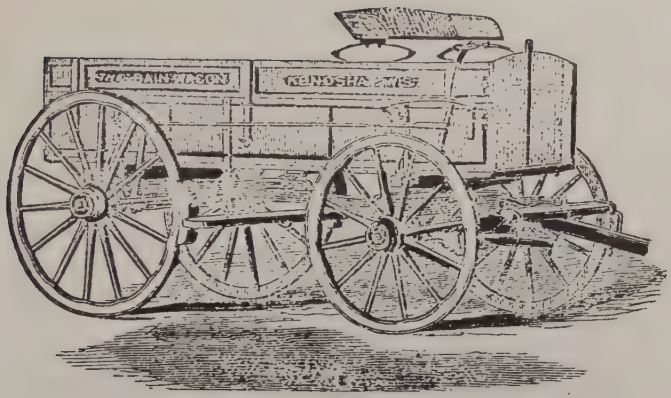

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